[fic] Under Open Sky.

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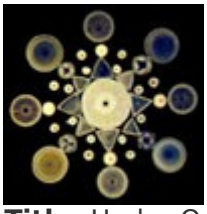

Title: Under Open Sky.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Pairing: Gabriel/Castiel.
Rating: NC-17 for violence and smut!
Word Count: 2,474 words.
Summary: Gabriel and Castiel engage in more battle and adrenaline runs high. Also, the Fallen find out who hurt their kin.
Notes: Sequel to Chains and Promises, and to light from darkness, thanks be to God. Read those first, or you won't get this.

More butchering of the Book of Enoch, more angel fights, and there's actually smut this

time. (Finally!) **jestana** can get off my back about that now. :D

I also know that I'll have to write yet another sequel to this, as there's yet more plot to cover. (This is becoming a 'verse and a series, now. Oh well.)

Please enjoy, and yes, feedback is welcomed.

1.

Shemyazaz held the severed wing, smelling the burnt feathers and feeling the thrum of angry Grace that would prevent any healing of Remial's wound. He knew this Grace, he know who had injured Remial, even without Remial's accusations. Every one of his kind knew this Grace by sight, as this was the Grace of the child-killer, Gabriel.

Not one of the Watchers would forget Gabriel, nor Michael. For Gabriel had slain their children and Michael had imprisoned them.

"Arakiel, bring this to our kin." Shemyazaz held out the wing, watching as the angel took it from him. "Explain whose it is. Show them the taint on it."

There was the sound of wings, and it was Shemyazaz and Saraqael alone on a bloody field.

"We have seen evidence of the Morningstar walking the Earth," Saraqael said. "I have given him some of my works. But none of the Host should be walking, not yet."

"Not him," Shemyazaz confirmed. "Not the child-killer. He should be fulfilling his role as the messenger, not...this." He crouched by Remial's vessel, frowning. Remial had been taken back to their prison-homes, and the vessel had been slain.

"I will forge a weapon that can destroy him." Saraqael was already thinking ahead, and Shemyazaz smiled despite the situation.

"No, not yet. Saraqael, we need to make sure he cannot do this to another one of our kin. We need your sigil work for all of us, and then you can turn to forging a weapon that will

cause his sword to fail."

Saraqael looked at him, and Shemyazaz could see the hatred and understanding in his eyes. They had grown close, in their years of imprisonment, as many of their kin had. Twos and threes had developed, with rare shifts over the centuries. It was one of the few ways to stave off insanity, and one of the many ways to stave off boredom.

Shemyazaz brushed back Remial's vessel's hair and stood. Remial hadn't accepted company of any sort, claiming his was loyal to his departed wife on earth. He had gone insane, all of them had seen that. And now he was trapped back in the prison they had just escaped. Shemyazaz pitied him.

"We'll find him, and make him suffer, Shemyazaz." Saraqael said, putting a hand on Shemyazaz's shoulder. "For what he did to us."

"Yes." It was a promise. Shemyazaz met Saraqael's eyes and touched his hand. "We will."

Gabriel, the child-killer, would not escape their wrath. Not this time.

Within the week, a farmer would discover two plush recliners and a parasol in one of his fields. This would baffle him.

What would be more confusing, however, would be the presence of crop circles in a nearby field.

The farmer would report this, and soon conspiracy theories would spring up about the aliens and their mysterious chairs.

Gabriel, patron angel of crackpot theories, would look at the tabloids for that one and smile.

Dean Winchester spent the week that Castiel went missing on edge. Castiel wasn't answering his phone, and neither was Gabriel. There was one voice mail on Sam's phone, however:

"We're busy getting ready, so you two kids stay low and try not to get into *too* much trouble. I'll return your angel in a week - "

There was the sound of a yelp from Gabriel, a clang, and then the message ended.

Neither Dean or Sam wanted to puzzle that out. They shared ominous looks at each other, Sam said that the yelp sounded more like Gabriel was in pain, and Dean raised a hand.

"I don't want to know."

(This was true. He didn't want to know anything about Gabriel's activities. But Castiel was with him, so he called Castiel again. Once per day. On Thursday he got a voice message from an irritated Castiel telling him not to call again, or his ring tone would give him away *again*. This only raised suspicions, but Dean didn't call again.)

On the seventh day, Castiel and Gabriel showed up in their hotel room, both carrying bags of chocolate bars.

"Where the hell have you been?" Dean's greeting was straight to the point, and Gabriel made a face as he set down his chocolates.

"Is that any way to greet your returning soldiers? We brought candy!"

"You've been missing for a week!"

"Yes, Mom. We were gone for a week. We were busy." Gabriel withdrew some chocolate bars from one of the bags, turned to Castiel with a salute, and vanished with a finger-snap.

"Dean, we were preparing for battle. Gabriel had some things to teach me."

"Such as?"

Castiel looked at Dean's crossed arms, then at the chocolate. He drew his sword from his coat and held it up. "If the situation were to require it, I could match blades with two archangels for twenty minutes. Gabriel did not pull his punches after the first day."

Sam was the one to approach Castiel after that, looking at his blade. "Are those...Enochian?"

"Yes." Castiel's blade had been marked with sigils, many for increased stability and strength. "This blade can withstand a blow from an archangel's sword, instead of shattering. It will not survive long, but it may be long enough for me to survive the encounter."

"And you tested this." Dean was incredulous. "Against Gabriel."

"Yes. We stopped using the fake weapons on Wednesday, and removed the safety sigils on Friday. My reflexes are now up to his standards."

"Wow."

"This was necessary, Dean. Gabriel is being actively hunted, now, and he needs me to be proficient in melee combat." Castiel ran a finger down the blade, then put it back into his coat. "The next fight will be soon."

"And we can't come along."

"No."

Dean scowled, and Castiel understood that look. Dean wanted to help, wanted to end this as much as he did. Dean hated feeling useless.

But this wasn't his battle.

"Find the next Horseman, Dean." Castiel said, firmly. "Even if we slay the Fallen, the apocalypse will not be over. You have your job."

Gabriel reappeared before anything more could be said.

"I found Saraqael. We can get him back for that chain, if we move now."

"Cas - " Dean started, but Gabriel drew a line with his hand, cutting off the words.

"We have to go *now*, or I'll lose him again." Gabriel was serious, and Castiel could already feel him taking off. "Follow me, and be quick about it."

"Find the next Horseman, Dean. Stay safe." Castiel said, and he ignored Dean's voice as

he took off, following after his brother.

2.

The flight was short, and when Gabriel arrived he immediately folded his wings and dropped like a stone from the air, blade out and bared, intending to use gravity and his speed against Saraqael. The Atlantic ocean rolled out beneath them, and the wind whistled past him as he saw Saraqael turn, looking up at him, and that was a bad sign.

Gabriel changed his angle slightly and tossed a small dagger at Saraqael, as hard as he could.

Blood blossomed as Saraqael's cheek ripped open, and then Gabriel was slamming into him, sword ripping through Saraqael's right wing, feathers and blood spiraling around him as he cursed. He had *missed*, thanks to Saraqael's reflexes, and instead of a gaping hole in Saraqael's chest there was a gaping hole in one of his wings. Gabriel snapped his wings into existence, six of them, and used his momentum to gain distance away from any attacks.

Saraqael was wheeling in the air, great sickles appearing in his hands, and more of his wings were appearing to compensate for the injured one. Archangels had more than one set, after all, and they had been fortunate that Remial had been as mentally damaged as he was. Gabriel flew up, tossing daggers at Saraqael, hard and fast, but this time they faltered and died in the air as Saraqael drew symbols lighting-fast in the air.

Somewhere above them Gabriel felt Castiel arrive, but there was no time for greetings or explanations - just enough time for Gabriel to charge again, sword in one hand, flames reaching far beyond the physical material of the blade. Instead of drawing Enochian he spoke it, reinforcing his guards and attempting to break Saraqael's.

Saraqael lifted one sickle and swung it down, catching Gabriel's blade as he put himself at an impossible angle, a great ringing sound echoing as their blades met. His other sickle came from below, and Gabriel had to pull back to avoid it. Three feet apart from each other, Gabriel's flames not harming Saraqael at all, Gabriel finally spoke to the Fallen angel.

"It was our Father's order, *Brother*."

"And you *obeyed* it!" Saraqael said before throwing himself back as a shining arrow missed his head by a hair. Gabriel sent up another thanks for Castiel, and forward, Castiel's arrows passing through him like smoke.

Saraqael kept flying back, trying to avoid Gabriel, and he climbing up, gaining altitude, suddenly putting on a burst of speed towards Castiel. Gabriel cursed and followed, throwing another dagger, his ranged weapon.

Castiel kept firing, but Saraqael had let his sickles go to summon a white bedsheet covered in sigil work, and the arrows missed him repeatedly. Gabriel saw the grimace on Castiel's face, and he drew his sword. Damnit, Gabriel hadn't wanted to test Castiel's hasty training in actual combat, yet.

Castiel raised his blade, longbow vanishing as he charged at Saraqael, forcing the Fallen to halt his advance, which let Gabriel catch up in time to slice more feathers from Saraqael's wings and draw a line in his back.

But Saraqael abruptly dropped like a stone, wings vanishing, and Gabriel didn't hesitate before following him down, beating his wings to push him down faster. He put his sword out ahead of him, speaking more sigils that froze the air beneath Saraqael into an unnatural solid. *That* surprised Saraqael as he slammed into a platform that hadn't been there before, and Gabriel heard human bones break under the impact.

Saraqael looked up at Gabriel's dive, barely seconds to act, and he slammed his left hand on his right wrist, a bloody sigil flaring as he vanished, banished to somewhere. Gabriel released the air in time to pass through it, and pulled out of his dive.

"Damnit!" Gabriel didn't care who heard him. He swore again, loudly, cursing Saraqael's name.

Castiel silently joined him above the Atlantic ocean, putting his sword away.

"He banished himself back to their prison!" Gabriel explained after another minute of cursing. "He'll come right back out, especially since I didn't injure him badly enough. Or at all. Damnit!"

"Brother," Castiel said, after a moment. "Gabriel. There are countless numbers of angels in the Hosts. There are two hundred of them, and yet they held us off for more than a day, leaving hundreds dead. I believe we underestimated this one."

"Next time," Gabriel turned, fury in his eyes. "Next time we won't let him run."

"We won't, Gabriel." Castiel said. "For we won't underestimate them."

Gabriel nodded, fury still running hot in his veins, energy thrumming through him. He looked at Castiel, and shook his head. "I need to go." He waved a hand. "Go work this off."

Castiel flew closer, weapons gone and stored, and he put himself into Gabriel's personal space. Nearly nose-to-nose, and Gabriel would later be unable to say who kissed who first.

Castiel opened his mouth, deepening the kiss, and Gabriel gripped his shoulders, licking and exploring Castiel's mouth. He pushed up against Castiel, aroused and running too hot. "Need," He panted, drawing back to see Castiel's lips, "Need a change of venue."

He snapped his fingers, and they were in a room with a bed, somewhere that wouldn't be disturbed for days. Not with the protective wards and the sound-proofed walls. "Last chance to say no and leave, Castiel."

Castiel shook his head and pulled Gabriel back into another kiss, and this time he was exploring Gabriel's mouth with his tongue. Gabriel moaned, their clothes vanishing as he remembered to snap his fingers again. Then they were pressed to each other, and Gabriel was clutching at Castiel's back as he wedged a knee between Castiel's legs.

"Want you," Gabriel broke the kiss again, lube appearing on his fingers. "Want you *now*, Castiel."

Castiel took one look at Gabriel's fingers, rocked on Gabriel's knee for a moment, then nodded. "How?"

Gabriel groaned and waved towards the bed. "On all fours - it's going to hurt, but it'll get better really soon after that. Just - trust me."

"I do," Castiel said, and he crawled onto the bed, spreading his legs.

Gabriel groaned again, putting a hand on his cock, holding it for a moment as he looked over Castiel's body. That was - hot, beautiful and far, far too arousing all at once.

He couldn't stop from laying a hand on Castiel's rear, petting, body jerking slightly as he wanted and needed to go straight to entering Castiel as hard as he could. But no, he had to prepare Castiel, nevermind that he could withstand the pain. He didn't want Castiel's

first time to hurt as badly as it would without preparation.

So he pushed one slick finger into Castiel's entrance and watched Castiel shout at the new sensation. So he pushed into another finger and watched Castiel squirm under Gabriel's hands, repeating Gabriel's name. So he scissored his fingers and inserted a third finger, keeping it gentle as Castiel's hips jerked and bucked under him.

"Ready, Castiel?" Gabriel murmured, thrusting his fingers in and out, making Castiel jerk and moan with each movement.

"Yes - please, Gabriel, please!"

Gabriel grinned and withdrew his fingers, snapping them. His hand covered in oil again, he lubed himself with quick strokes, and then he gripped Castiel's hips and thrust into him.

Castiel shouted as Gabriel moved against him, holding his hips still as he pounded into him. Gabriel put a hand flat on Castiel's back for a second, then gripped his hips again and moved, shaking with the effort not to come yet. He wanted Castiel to release first, he wanted to hear him clearly.

Castiel didn't disappoint once Gabriel changed angles slightly, and Castiel came, shouting Gabriel's name at the top of his lungs. Gabriel then happily let himself follow Castiel over the edge, shouting his name as well as he came buried in Castiel.

Castiel collapsed on the bed, and Gabriel held himself up for a moment before slipping out of Castiel and collapsing on top of him.

"Cas...Castiel.." Gabriel murmured. "We're doing that again. Later. I like you."

"Mmmhmm," Castiel replied, already drifting off. Gabriel chuckled against his shoulder and followed him into sleep.

They'd fight and win later.